

of setting things on fire, take an oblong phial of the whitest and clearest glass; put into it a piece of phosphorus about the size of a pea, upon which pour some olive oil, heated to the boiling point, filling the phial about one-third full, and then cork the phial tightly. To use it, remove the cork and allow the air to enter the phial, and then recork it. The whole empty space in the bottle will then become luminous, and the light obtained will be equal to that of a lamp. As soon as the light grows weak its power can be increased by opening the phial and allowing a fresh supply of air to enter. In winter it is sometimes necessary to heat the phial between the hands to increase the fluidity of the oil. Thus prepared, the phial may be used for six months. This contrivance is now used by the watchmen of Paris in all magazines where explosive or inflammable materials are stored.

MISCELLANY.

Sleep and no sleep.—It is a religious duty to sleep, and to sleep enough; and he who does not, may be sure that he is breaking the Sixth Commandment, which requireth all lawful endeavors to preserve our own life, as well as the lives of others.

There is scarcely a better health meter for men who think much than this. Hard mental work is beginning to kill when it interferes with sleep, and he who plies his brain with ever so much energy eight or ten hours a day, prays and plays five or six, and sleeps seven or eight, will never die of over-work. But he must make a business of it. Brain-work, food, exercise in the open air, culture of the soul, social relaxation and sleep,—these are the constituents of good living, and they will be attended by health, wealth, usefulness and happiness. If anything else is wanting, it will be added thereunto.

The old theory was that sleep is induced by the pressure of blood on the brain. Because the stupor of apoplexy follows congestion of the brain, it was held that sleep was somewhat like an incipient disease; a very stupid theory, for sleep, so far from being like disease, is "the sweet restorer" of the waste that brainwork makes. Congestion is imminent when the brain is pressed hard with blood, and it is doing more than its duty. But when the brain has been laid bare by removing a portion of a skull of a living animal, it is obvious to the eye that as sleep comes, the brain occupies less space than before, and as the animal awakes, the brain expands and fills the cavity again. Sometimes, on rising suddenly in bed from a sound sleep, one is dizzy or lightheaded, and that is because the blood has not had time to regain its normal circulation in the upper story. And it is not well to spring up quickly on waking; take things moderately then, as at all times. Thus we see the necessity of sleep, that the waste of the whole nervous system, occasioned by the wear and tear of mental and physical labor through the day, may be repaired. You cannot make machinery of the hardest steel and of the most polished surface that will not wear out or break down. And all the machinery on earth combined would not show workmanship so delicate, and finished, and fitted for such exquisite service as the body and the mind of a man.

It has been publicly stated that ten bank presidents in this city were killed by the commercial crash of 1857. Not one of them would have died of that disaster had he given ten hours a day to business and eight to sleep. I do not know what Shakespeare meant when he wrote that "sleep knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care;" but I well know, by long experiment, that when care has wasted and unravelled the web of life, so that the man is falling into sixes and sevens, like an old stocking or knitted sleeve, then kind sleep comes to his aid, knits it all up again, and makes him as good as new. The victims of no sleep from our banks and stores, go wandering over Europe like the spirits in the gospels, seeking rest and finding none, because they hastened to be rich, and would not, and then could not, sleep.

Prince Albert, that model prince consort, worth any dozen kings of the common herd, gave a written certificate to the value of a recipe for going to sleep, of which a man claimed to be the discoverer. But it was in use long before His Royal Highness was dreamed of, and is of no great value. The only directions worth repeating are to "stop thinking," and in order to do that most difficult of all things for a thinking man

to do, headwork and handwork must be suspended at an early hour, the mind relieved by such light employments as will divert thought from the serious business of the day, and the nervous system will thus be calmed and soothed, so as to induce that peace which foretells sleep. The devices are many and curious to win this boon. But they all amount to the same thing,—the diversion of thought from any subject that excites mental effort. Hunger and cold are unfavorable to sleep. It is not so unwhole some as many suppose, to go to bed after a good supper. The sleep of infancy always follows it. All dumb animals eat and then sleep. Reason forbids gluttony, and reason also forbids going to bed with a stomach craving food. Keep the body warm and the head uncovered, so that the blood may be tempted away from the brain, and not into it.—*Irenæus, in N. Y. Observer.*

A literary curiosity.—The following lines it will be seen have been written by different persons, but so carefully are they arranged that one would be apt to suppose that they were the productions of one author.

L I F E .

- Why all this toil for triumphs of an hour?
—Young.
- Life's a short summer—man is but a flower;
—Dr. Johnson.
- By turns we catch this fatal breath and die.
—Pope.
- The cradle and the tomb, alas! so nigh.
—Prior.
- To be better far than not to be,
—Sewell.
- Through all man's life may seem a tragedy;
—Spencer.
- But light cares speak when mighty griefs are dumb
—Daniel.
- The bottom is but shallow whence they come.
—Sir Walter Raleigh.
- Your fate is but the common fate of all;
—Longfellow.
- Unmingled joys here no man b fall;
—Southwell.
- Nature to each allots his proper sphere,
—Congreve.
- Fortune makes folly her peculiar care:
—Churchill.
- Custom does not often reason overrule,
—Rochester.
- And throw a cruel sunshine on a fool.
—Armstrong.
- Live well—how long or short permit to heaven
—Milton.
- They who forgive most shall be most forgiven.
—Bailey.
- Sin may be clasped so close we cannot see its face
—French.
- Vile intercourse where virtue has not place,
—Sommerville.
- Then keep each passion down however dear.
—Thomson.
- Thou pendulum betwixt a smile and tear;
—Byron.
- Her sensual snares let faithless pleasures lay,
—Smollet.
- With craft and skill to ruin and betray,
—Crabbe.
- Soar not too high to fall, but stoop to rise,
—Massinger.
- We masters grow of all that we despise.
—Crowley.
- Oh, then, renounce that impious self esteem,
—Beattie.
- Riches have wings; and grandeur is a dream.
—Cowper.
- Think not ambition wise because 'tis brave,
—Sir Walter Davenant.
- The paths of glory lead but to the grave.
—Gray.
- What is ambition? 'Tis a glorious cheat,
—Willis.
- Only a destructive to the brave and great.
—Addison.